THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.

1. Use pen and ink, not pencil.

2. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 256 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 4. Original stories of the will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the

Address all communications to Uncle

"Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you say—Be true!
Straightforwardly act,
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you." POETRY. 'Wishin'

Sometimes I've wish't that I wa'n't Nothin' but milttle wort But swim round in a puddle, Where 'twas cool, 'N' straddle out my legs, 'N' jest joggle on a lily-pad,

Thout no relashous near nor fur,
To snoop 'n' listen every time you 'N' hang round where they wa'n't

'N' find fault, keep a-sayin' you shouldn't do this, shouldn't do that, siew, ninke folks hate you;

I'd ruther be a dunce, 'N' not no enuff to earn my salt, Er make a livin', Yis-sir-e-e, that's true! Pd rather be a fool, 'N' not learn nothin' into school, Th'n be a durned old hottingtott, A agervatin everybody all the time, Wouldn't you?

Herbert Randall. When the Baby's Sick

Say! Y'know our baby? Well! he's sick t'day. An' yisterday the doctor Jes' couldn't stay away, He comes three times a-runnin', An' runnin' good an' quick Fer Pa won't stand fer foolin' W'en the baby's sick!

Ma she's jes' a-jumpin',
Fixin' up the bed,
An' tellin' all the neighbors
What the doctor said;
Pa can't read his paper.
Nor so t' work, nor joke,
Jes' waitin' on the baby.
An' tryin' not t' choke.

Six she does the cookin' An' she's been a-cryin'.

An' she's been a-cryin'.

Fer I seen ber twice!

"Looks U're I been cewin'?

Say! Y're not s' slick!

You nin't got no baby.

tian Herald. UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

gun crosses the equator today and the to his own use. ictual end of summer has been reached and frosty-fall will soon give notice Winter is approaching. . The trees will soon be showing carelessly trample

bright and varied colors and be falling to the earth to blanket it and keep the roots in the ground protected from

The clouds in the sky serve as lanket to keep the frost from September gardens, and high winds prevent its biting the plants and turning their foliage black.

Colored leaves are ripened leaves and the leaves fall because their busy season has closed. The leaves fall because the tree does not need them any more and the young leaves are in place ready to begin work when the sun calls them. The leaves are the servants of the trees and they could not live without them; and the trees this year have been making the leaves for next year, and the leaves of this year have been helping them; and when their work has been completed the

like young birds from their nest. And the trees not only give us shade but take out of the air the poison animals (ourselves included) put into it, and put into the air the oxygen which makes the air life-sustaining to us, and to all creatures who must have oxygenized air to live. So you see the trees not only give us fruit and wood, THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. but they give us life from day to day. All green things, even the grass, assist in this.

Green is the color which is most soothing to the eves and there is such a variety of greens in the landscape that viewed from a tower or a hill they by contrast lend beauty to the view and charm the beholder.

Then the leaves are all made to fit the use for which they were designed. Everything which grows close like grass and wheat (by the way, wheat is a variety of grass), has narrow leaves, and the plants designed to occupy greater space grow larger leaves like the burdock of the fields or the rhubarb of the gardens. There are few misfits in nature, but lots of plants perish because they are misplaced.

When the leaves fall not only collect for their wonderful shapes, and see how many different kinds you can find. It will take ten thousand grass leaves to occupy the space of a rhubarb leaf,

lustrating reciprocity—the helping of rich hady's house to spend an hour or one another. An' our baby's sick! | lustrating red -Charles Irvin Junkin, in the Chris- one another. And there are hundreds of other things to be learned about leaves all of which are wonderful in structure servant came after her, accusing her of

and of marvelous strength, and September is the month of frosty from them man has learned many a nights and the harvest moon; and the lesson in structure and art adapted

Man never has been able to make

THE RUNAWAY PENNY

Jack had earned them, every one over how and leg over leg, just like Yes, sir! That is why he was so proud the other Jack climbed up the beanof them; five new, shiny Lincoln pen-

he stood for a long minute, turning the stood for the stood glittered. The girl was very glad to be cleared of the charge of their, but she had a sorrow, for her brother and mother died during the six months of her important the stood for the stood for the charge of the charge o indeed, and began to hop gayly along, swinging his arms and thinking to himself just how delicious and cool that ice cream cone was going to taste on the varm afternoon.

on the yarm afternoon.

Now, you know, when you have five slippery pennies in one warm little hand, end you run along swinging your warm, inst what may happen. Well. arms, just what may happen. Well-that very thing happened to Jack! All of a sudden, he hadn't gone very far from home, either, but there, he opened his hand and found only four pennies. One little penny had slipped out.

Of course, four pennies would never buy an ice cream cone, not at all; that is, not the big fat kind that Jack wanted. He tried to be real brave and began to hunt for that little runaway penny, ut his face drooped as he thought ow hard he had worked for it. He retraced his steps slowly, look-

ing in the high grass on one side of the cement walk and in the soft, vel-rety lawn on the other side of the walk, among the dandelion blossoms, and, in fact, everywhere but the right place, for then he would surely have found it, you know. He went round and round down the

walk, through the grass and back again, but no penny could be find. Then all of a sudden—what was that? Jack looked up into the apple tree. Why! He hadn't noticed before that it was an apple tree. What a lot of fairy plossoms there were; big, pink, smelly blossoms, all nodding and smilng at him in such a friendly manner. ing at him in such a friendly manner.
And right there, near a queer little
hanging nest, sat the brightest, prettiest oriole Jack had ever seen.
As Jack looked up the bird cocked
his head saucily to one side and repeated the very words that had stariled him a moment ago—"Rest-awhile, Jackle boy! Rest-a-while!"
Now tile Jack was very very tired.

Now, title Jack was very, very tired, to he just sat right down there on the cool, soft grass and rested his back against the tree, as the oriole had told He watched the leaves as they flick-

ared about about in the light breeze, sending funny little shadows dancing over the lawn. He listened to the irds chattering-scolding and sing-

Then there was the oriole again aying, just as sure as you live: Jack wiped his sleeve across his sondering eyes and looked up through to the bough where the oriole sat waying back and forth. And as he ooked the bird waved a wing and notioned to him. "Come up!" he repeated. "Come

How can I?" asked the little fellow, "Chn't do anything if you don't try."
And the first thing Jack knew he

looked as long as that. Two big tears olded during the six is rolled down his cheeks. He looked out through the branches and began to tell the oriole all about the runaway. penny and how badly he wanted that ice cream cone.

The bird was quite still while he was

talking; but when he stopped with a little sob the oriole began to laugh. And what was worse than all, the other birds began to laugh, too.

Jack hadn't seen the other birds, so he looked around to see where they could be. Why, the branches were full of them—all laughing and talking

about him. Of course, this made Jack feel very of course, this made Jack feel very badly indeed. He opened his lips to tell the oriole that he didn't think it was nice at all for them to laugh so, but just then something cool brushed

against his cheek. He looked around and oh! what do you think? The tree wasn't full of apple blossoms at all, but ice cream cones, full of the most delicious pink cream. "Why don't you eat one?" asked the oriole and laughed again.

Jack didn't yeed a second invitation, you may be sure, but fell to with a vim. He ate and ate and the more a vim. He ate and ate and the more

he ate the more there were to cat.

Then, to Jack's further surprise, he noticed that all around him were little

ground, but the little men went on hanging on more, with never a word

When Jack had eaten until he could eat no more the oriole called "Halt!" and there all the ice cream cones had turned back to apple blossoms againand there all the fee cream cones had turned back to apple blossoms again. Even the last one Jack had just set his teeth into was a pink petal between his lips. Jack spit it out and bored nis fist into his eyes to take away that funny, misty feeling and looked again. He didn't remember climbing down the tree at all, but there he was, safe and sound on the cool grass with his back resting against the apple tree and still clinging to his chin was that last ice cream cone that had turned into an apple blossom.

And over his head sat the bright oriole, swaying back and forth on the bough. As Jack looked up he cocked his head to one side again, but this time he sald, "Look again."

And there, staring up at him from the soft velvty lawn, just a short step sway, shone the runaway penny. Jack sprang to pick it up and I am afraid he didn't stop to thank the oriole, as he sped away toward the nearest drug store.

For, strange to say, although he had eaten all those ice cream cones 'Mary E MURPHY, Age 11.

Manie raised the window and said. "Mamma won't let me go out."

If you your mother take the cat down town'She said. "Come over to down town'She said. "Come over to adown town'She said. "Come over to down town'She said. "Come over to adown town'She said. "Come over to adown town'She said. "Come over to adown town'She said. "Come over to down town'She said. "Come over to adown town'She said. "Come over town the said into his give them."

Presently she returned with a box of doll's clothes.

I think the blue and pink one just as pretty," said Lucy.

"MARY E. MURPHY, Age 11.

A Bean Experience.

One day I was left alone to keep watch of the string beans that were beginning to cook. I looked around to see if there wasn't any work to be see if them'.

It think the blue and pink one just and surging to cook. I looked to the dining room, and seeing Thurshall and the didn't sup and turn-did town town's and Lucy.

"Mo doll lan

For, strange to say, although he had eaten all those ice cream cones up in the apple tree, he was still ionging for another—IANE ADAMS PARKER. The back and she slipped the dress in her pocket.

"Here comes your mother, Annie," said Lucy.

Lucy hurried home.

When her mother came in she found

Miriam Shershevsky, of Norwich: I was glad to receive the prize book which you gave me entitled, Motor Maids in Fair Japan. I am sure I shall enjoy reading it as I have the

Mildred T. Dunn of Norwich: I thank you very much for the prize book entitled The Submarine Boys and the Spies. I have read it through and found it very interesting. I hope the other Wide Awakes will like their books as well as I like mine.

Rose Gauthier of Brooklyn: Please accept my thanks for the three Owlet books which you sent me, of the Owlet Library. It will help me to find what is the name of the flowers that grow in the woods and fields. Mildred E. White of Stafford Springs:

I thought as I was writing another story I would send the thanks for the pretty prize book you sent me. I like it very much and many thanks.

pretty prize book you sent me. I like it very much and many thanks.

Frances E. Adams of Eagleville: I thank you very much for the prize book entitled Madge Morton's Trust. I received it this afternoon. I sat right down and read it all through. I found it very interesting.

Thelma Whitehouse, of Mansfield Center:—I thank you very much for the book you sent me sometime ago. It was very interesting. I was surprised to see that I won a prize book. Grace Goddard, of Willimantic:—I thank you for the prize book you sent me. I think I shall find it interesting.

The lead ground. When whiter is coming, it removes its nest to a great depth, to prevent injury through frosts and when the warm springtime comes in the prize to clay, and of the size and shape of a hen's egg. After her cosey home is completed, she makes galleries and winding avenues, and even little forts around all these, so that other insects cannot trouble her nest.

Often there are found. When whiter is coming, it removes its nest to a great depth, to prevent injury through frosts and when the warm springtime comes it realises the nest again.

The female mole cricket builds her nest of clay, and of the size and shape of a hen's egg. After her cosey home is completed, she makes galleries and winding avenues, and even little forts around all these, so that other insects cannot trouble her nest.

Often there are found in the warm springtime comes in the prize of the prize leaves are pushed from their places

2—Rose Slosberg, of Norwich—Boy Inventors of the Vanishing Gun. 3—Mary E. Murphy, of Norwich— Boy Inventors of the Electric Hydro-

4-Katherine Hickey, of Montville-Mrs. Pumer's Little Girl. 5-Rose Gauthier, of Brooklyn-A 6-Annie Corcoran, of Lowell, Mass.,

Camp Fire Girls in the Maine Woods. 7-Mary E. Murphy, of Taftville-Motor Maids of Fair Japan. 8-Josephine Broovick of Norwich-The Motor Maids' School Days,

The winners of prize books living In the city may call at The Bulletin business office for them on any hour after 10 a, m. Thursday.

them for their pretty colors, but also STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE. AWAKES.

How a Crow Committed Robbery There was once a poor girl living in and a lilac leaf has 160,000 breathing a poor cottage. She supported her brother and mother. Every day she went huckleberrying and what she got went huckleberrying and what she got one day she got an order for five quarts of berries and two every day.

Once she got an invitation to the lustrating reciprocity—the belong of was shown some jewelry which be-

stealing a gold ring, and she was locked up in jail and was five years in rison.

rich woman's two sons came from college, it happened to be thundering and lightning that night anything half as wonderful as the blades of grass upon which we so carelessly trample.

thundering and lightning that lightning struck a very tall tree that was in front of the house.

The next morning the two boys went ut to see what was done during the dight. On approaching the fallen tree hey saw something glittering in a

They ran and showed their mother and she sent for the girl and all the ervants and asked them if they saw the ring on the day it was stolen and one wicked maid said she saw it on window after the girl had gone and about an hour after it was gone and then she said she did not like the

the oriole he threw one leg over a thick branch and sat down.

"Weil, what's the matter?" asked the bird. "Your face looks as long as the

BLANCHE LUCIER, Aged 14, Taftville

The tea plant is a native of China and Japan, where it is chiefly raised. It requires a well-drained land. In its state the tree grows thirty feet ligh, but when cultivated it is kept trimmed to thrree or four feet. It has a white blossom.

The tree is three years old before the

leaves from which the tea is made are picked. This is done three times a year, in February April and June. As soon as the leaves are picked, they are dried in shallow iron pans put in an oven. Then it is packed and sent away. It loses much of its flavor when shipped over salt water. MILDRED T. DUNN, Aged 12.

Annie began to cry. She thought her mother had forgotten that she did and inside this was a gold chain and not come home from school at 4 o'clock. Lucy Carrol was calling her. Annie raised the window and said: 'Mamma won't let me go out."
"I saw your mother take the cat

Miriam Shershevsky, of Norwich: I Annie in her room crying. Annie told her mother what she had done.

Her mother told her to take the

dress back.

Annie carried it back and told Lucy she was very sorry she took it.

Lucy then gave it to Annie to keep.

ANNIE CORCORAN, Age 13. Lowell.

The Mole Cricket. What can this hideous creature be with his velvety, crab-like chest, and with wing-covers like the beetle? Just look at its forefeet. How strong they are, and how exactly they seem like great hands ready to tear into pieces whatever comes within their reach! Its wings are broad, but when they are folded, they resemble ribbons, as they hang below the wing covers. The mole cricket is about two inches long, and is of a dark brown color. It long, and is of a dark brown color. It lives in a sandy soil, and builds its nest under ground. When winter is

coming, it removes its nest to a great

thank you for the esting.

Pauline A. Hasier of Taftville: I received the nice prize book you sent me entitled The Submarine Boys and the Middles, and thank you for it.

Catherine A. Dunn of Norwich: I thank you for the prize book sent me, thank you for the prize book sent me, Through the Looking Glass.

When the are very strong. The weight of six pounds on a level surface.

What does it eat, do you ask? It lives on smaller insects and worms, it will used to be thought that it are nothing besides roots but this was a mistake. They destroy the tender roots of plants, as they go out on their exploring tours, or are hollowing out the for nests. earth for nests.

This is a very wise and flerce insect, too. Let us imagine ourselves trying to get one to look at. We shall secure it for our prisoner if we put a stem of grass into its hole and draw it quickly out for the insect to the control of the control

it quickly out for the insect seizes it.

I tried once to get one. Somehow, in doing this, I cut the insect in two parts, with the garden tool I had in my hand. my hand.

I went away for a moment and when I returned, great was my surprise to see one part of the mole cricket try-ing (hundry creature) to eat the other

The male insect chirps a note of a low, jarring sound at evening and during the night. But atthough these are such fierce looking creatures they are really very timid, and at the least noise or shaking of the earth about them, or sound of footsteps, run quickly to their underground bores. derground homes. Would you like, girls, to have one fly into your best doll's house Or would the boys welcome one as a visi-

part of Itself.

tor to their miniature work-st ROSE GAUTHIER, Age 14. Brooklyn.

Twig Work.

Did you ever look at the nice, long, ive looking branches and twigs and wonder why such healthy and useful wonder way such healthy and useful looking things had to be thrown away in the rubbish heap? Or did you ever pick out of the heap some particularly smooth bits of twigs and wish you could keep them and make them use ful, so as to save them from being

ful, so as to save them from being thrown away.

Well, any little boy or girl can make them into charming toys and just how to do that is not at all difficult to learn. All that is needed is a little patience, and that is everything.

A good piece of twig work to begin with is a little sleigh, because it is so easy to make, and so pretty when finished. Take a bunch of thin twigs and cut them all the same size, about eight or ten inches, is a good length to handle. Fasten this bunch of twigs together near each end with twigs together near each end with wire about an inch from the end. Now bend your twigs into a good curve to resemble the shape of a sleigh and then spread them apart in the middle saw something glittering in a general saw something glittering in a resemble the snape of a something glittering in a general saw something glittering in a resemble the snape of a something glittering in a resemble the snape of a something glittering in a resemble the snape of a something glittering in a resemble the snape of a something glittering in a something glittering in a something glittering in a resemble the snape of a something glittering in a something glittering glittering in a something glittering glitt

KATHERINE HICKEY.

Montville. A Turkey For One.

Lura's Uncle Roy was in Japan. He used to take Christmas dinner at Lura's home. Now he could only write here papa to say a box of gifts had been sent and one was for his little girl. Lura clapped her hands saying.
"Oh, mamma, don't you think it is
the chain and locket Uncle said he
would sometime send me?" "No," replied her papa reading on, "Your uncle
says it is a turkey for one."
"We don't need

"We don't need turkeys from Japan,' remarked Lura. Her papa smiled and handed the opes letter to her mamma. On Christmas eve the box had just arrived and was opened, and every one was made glad with a present, Lura's was a papiermache turkey, nearly as large as the one brought by the market boy at the same moment. Lura had not spoken of jewelry since her uncle's letter was read When dinner was nearly over on Christmas day, her papa said to her:

"My dear, you have had as much of The Old Silk Dress.

Lucy Carrol and Annie Davis were reat friends.

Annie's mother told her to come ight home from school. Annie disheved her mother and went to Lucy's dow sill and added in surprise on the windows the school of the school

Annie's mother told her to come light home from school. Annie disbleyed her mother and went to Lucy's house to play.

Her mother told her she would have the light had been strutting on the window sill and added in surprise:

"Why, what has become of him?"

At that moment the servant brought noticed that all around him were little men in pink caps and aprons hurrying hither and thither with big trays just heaped with more ice cream cones, which they kept hanging on the branches as fast as Jack picked them off.

Sometimes the wind took them off the trays and fluttered them to the ground, but the little men went on the little men w thoice toys and other things.

The first thing out was a tiny box

It was "a turkey for one," for Uncle Roy's niece; but all the family shared in the amusement.

MARY E. MURPHY, Age 11.

later found to be the worst thing that I could do.

By this time the mistress was there.

This is Tommy Tidd:



He is a lively kid; and to make n he has become a Wide mistake A.wake!

all cooked away. She took the top layer of the beans off, for the rest were burned to the bottom of the ket-tle. She scraped the beans from the kettle, rinsed it and then put in a teaspoon of common baking soda, filled it with water, and set it on the stove to heat up. After it began to boil, she let it boil for some minutes, and then took it off, emptied the water and washed it as she would any other battle.

My Brother's New Cap.

My mother had made my brother Earl a new blue suit, and there was a very large plece of cloth left, and mother said she would make him a cap of that.

"Can you make"

JOSEPHINE BOROVICK, Age 14.

"Yes," said Doris, "and I believe Aunt Eva wouldn't mind coming to our town to live, if she could bring her house with her."

"The bagworm takes his house along when he decides to move from one place to another,' said grandfather.

Immediately Timm's cap of that.

"Can you make a real nice one?" asked Earl, "I shall want it to look like one bought in the store. I shall not want to have my school chums think

them the right length, and bend them into the desired curves. Make the seat of small, straight twigs, placed same way.

All the parts must be put together with the little tac, or brads.

When the sleigh is finished, it will be a sleigh which any little girl would like to have for her doll.

KATHERINE HICKEY.

We have began by barking the board of noon. The beaver began by barking the town clocks sounded the hour of noon. The beaver began by barking the town clocks sounded the hour of noon. The beaver began by barking the town clocks sounded the hour of noon. The beaver began by barking the town clocks sounded the hour of noon. The beaver began by barking the town clocks sounded the hour of noon. The beaver began by barking the town clocks sounded the hour of noon. The beaver began by barking the town clocks sounded the hour of noon. The beaver began by barking the town clocks sounded the hour of noon. The beaver began by barking the town clocks sounded the hour of noon. The beaver began by barking the town clocks sounded the hour of noon. The beaver began by barking the town clocks sounded the hour of noon.

The beaver began by barking the two mtles long, with a brook running through it.

Some years ago much complaint was made of the "copper smoke" that came from the works, that means had to be made to abate the nulsance. For what is a long time the company was at its wit's end, but finally the ingenuity of one of its engineers solved the problem.

Size Mainer Rabbit.

Some years ago much complaint was made of the "copper smoke" that came from the works, that means had to be made to abate the nulsance. For with the little tac, or brade.

Some years ago much complaint was made of the "copper smoke" that came from the works, that means had to be made to abate the nulsance. For which is a long time from the works, that means had to be made to abate the nulsance. For which is a long time from the works, that means had to be made to abate the nulsance. For which is a long time from the works, the came from the works Ten minutes later, when only one inch of the tree's diameter remained uncut, he bore upon his work and the

Before it fell the beaver ran as men run when they have fired a blast. Then, as the tree lay on the ground, he portioned it out mentally and began to gnaw. He worked at intervals all night; cut the log into three parts, rolled two of the portions nto the water and reserved the other hird for permanent shelter.

The work done, he took a bath.
While reading this story, I found it very interesting, and hope the rest of the Wide-Awakes will also LEONA M. SULLIVAN, Age 11.

The Whistle.

When Harold was seven years old his friends on his birthday filled his oockets with coppers. He started for the store where toys for little boys were kept, but on the way, being charmed with the sound of the next lot in the high grass, unnotatively be willingly gard him of ticed by the men who were mowing another how he willingly gard him of the grass about the grass and grass about the grass about the grass and grass are grass and grass about the grass and grass are grass about the grass and grass are grass are grass are grass and grass are grass another boy, he willingly gave him all is money for it.

When he reached home he was whistling all over the house, much to he disturbance of the other members f the family. He told his brothers and sisters about the bargain, and they laughed at his folly and said he had paid four imes the price of the whistle. Then he thought of the things he might have bought if he had used his rightly, and the reflection him more chagrin than the

Taftville.

whistle did pleasure.

MARY E. MURPHY, Age 11.

Not Fond of Music. Charlie was a King Charles spaniel He was a very preus, black hair, drooping ears, and bright brown eyes. He would sit up and beg, would run after a ball and bring it back in his mouth, and would ride on ball or in a toy express wagon.

Sled or in a toy express wagon.

The drouble is a lawyer, school for a while. In a few years school for a while. In a few years he became very popular. He was elected a member of the House of Representatives, and later of the Sentence of the Se

lie's house and this was a very great bound for four hours. His closing words were "Liberty and Union, Now puzzle to the dog. When the high notes were played he thought a little dog was barking inside." log was barking inside the organ. Charlie would run from one side to the other, and back again, trying to peep in and find the strange dog. Then he would look up in the lady's face as if would look up in the law a he wanted to say:

"Where is that dog? Why don't I find him? I wish you wouldn't let him stay. I don't want him."

She would stop, or play on a low key, when he begged so.

OVELINE BOUCHARD.

Norwich. The Baltimore Oriole.

The Baltimore Oriole is one of the most beautiful of the birds that nest in northern United States. It is about She emptied the little water there seven inches long, has a black head was in the kettle, for the water had and upper narts and brilliant orange

under parts. It builds a long pouch-like nest, usually far out on the tip of

like nest, usually far out on the tip of a high limb, where it is shaded by overhanging boughs.

It is a courageous bird, and is able to protect its nest from stronger and larger birds. It is called the Baltimore oriole because black and orange were the colors of Lord Baltimore.

BERTHA N. BURREILL, Age 14.

Stafford Springs. Ulysses S. Grant.

Ulysses S. Grant.

Ulysses S. Grant was born in a humble dwelling house at Point Pleasant, Ohio, in April, 1822.

A year afterward his family moved to Georgetown, Ohio, where they lived for many years. His father was a farmer and manufacturer of leather. The boy did not like the leather business. He liked farming best. He plowed the soil, cultivated corn, potatoes and sawed firewood for family use. His parents sent him to school to be educated. At West Point he ranked 20th in a class of 39.

When the Mexican war broke out he went to war and fought bravely.

When the news came the southern troops had fired upon the flag at Fort Sumter, Grant aroused without delay to go to war.

April 6, 1862, attacked by Johnston, he fought for a day and a half and won a victory.

Grant had brown hair, blue eyes, and a musical voice. He had a sunny disposition and was always ready to face war. At the end of war he had won a warm place in the hearts of his countrymen.

countrymen.
Grant was elected president of the United States in 1868. People all over the world said he was worthy of great honor. He died at Mount McGregor

IRENE MATHEEU. Columbia.

The Bagworm's House. "I wish that Aunt Eva lived in our own," said Timmie. "Then we could isit her every day, instead of only

cap of that.

"Can you make a real nice one?" asked Earl, "I shall want it to look like one bought in the store. I shall not want to have my school chums think you made it.

Mother thought she could make him a very pretty cap.

When it was done Earl said it was "splendid," and he was sure the boys would think it was bought at the store.

Immediately Timmie and Dorls drew their chairs close to the porch swing where grandfather was taking an afternoon rest, and asked to be told all about the bagworm and its move-about house "The little creature is called bagworm," grandfather went on "because the house that he makes for himself is shaped like a bag. Out of silk, bits of leaves, and the tiniest twigs, he builds a cozy, strong home. "When moving-day comes, the bag-worm crawls about half-way out of

comes, a nome, and acute she half was the bag of wind and a feet in the old and a feet in the same and took his new cap, and be can gene and a feet in the same and took his new cap, and be cap, and left was the last of last new cap.

Will DRDD E WHITE, age 15... Stafford Springs.

Going to School.

Elsie Gray was going to school for the first time. She had no idea what was him to come a feet when it was the was a many the first time. She had no idea what was him to come a feet was a larva, and be comes a fully wings of a slight color. The first time. She had no idea what was have to go house, when he goes not a chrystall; but was the like, but she thought the first time. She had no idea what wings wish had a feet was a larva, and the last of the first time. She had no idea what was have to go house, the first time to cap the first time to the first time to cap the first time to cap the first time to the first time to cap the first time to the first time time time time to the first time time time time to

The Cumavon Chimney. The longest and most curious of chimneys is that of the copper-works in Cumavon, near Abevavon in Wales. This chimney has been described os being two miles long, with a brook

a steep mountain. The engineer built if the rabbit clover.

asse to a height of about the rabbit clover.

A few days after Ratherine for it. We had the rabbit clover. dred feet above the summit of the mountain, and following its natural slope. The brick that lined the chimney and that it was chiefly built of, was burned close by.

A small spring, emerging near the nountain top, was turned into this purious chimney, and allowed to flow brough almost its entire length to himney is swept out, and almost on of precipitated copper is obtain-

The top of the chimney, it is said. may be seen for a distance of between forty and fifty miles. JESSIE L. BREHAUT.

Jersey City, N. J. Our Guinea Hens. We had two guinea hens, which thought were very pretty.

the grass, she was run over mowing machine. It cut off b legs, so papa had to kill her. She had sixteen eggs under her and my brother took them and set them under another hen. We got ten litlo guinea chickens. During the day on which the guines hen was killed, her mate called fre-

CLARE BROWN, Age 9.

Daniel Webster.

quently for her

Daniel Webster was a remarkable scholar and said he could not remem-per when he learned to read. He had very few books, but he had read the Bible through when a little boy.

Daniel Webster's father was a poor man, but he made sacrifices to send his children to school. studied to be a lawyer, but taught school for a while. In a few years

While in the Senate he made wor ark at every dog that came near the deful speeches about state rights.

Webster once field his hearers spell land the people called him a king.

In hopes of keeping peace between the north and south he urged the passage of the California Com

Daniel Webster was one of Amerigreatest orators. CLARISSA CHAPMAN, Age 13.

ASK FOR and GET **HORLICK'S** THE ORIGINAL MALTED MILK Cheap substitutes cost YOU same price.



first rabbit I ever had.
ALICE SUGRUE, Age 9. Dear Uncle Jed: One of my friends and I went fishing. My friend go eight builheads and two bass; and caught three bass and five pumpkinseeds. And we shared them together, so we each had nine.

I ate two bullheads and one bass. I gave the rest to the cat.

We went fishing again and caught each two pickerel, and that was all for

the dues are 10 cents a month. The members must be about 10 years of The pleasures of the next two weeks would be too many to describe.

We arrived home after a delightful trip, but although we had enjoyed the visit, we were glad to get home.

SARAH HYMAN, Age 12. Norwich.

A few days after when I came to breakfast mother told me my rabbit

I was very sorry, for it was the

Nurse Saves Aged Man



Here is proof and nurse's letter "For ten years in my work as a nurse I have depended upon Sykes' Comfort Powder with excellent results to soothe and heal skin soreness. I was recently called to a case of an old man, 84 years of age, who had been confined to his bed for months, and his body was simply covered with terrible sores. I immediately commenced to use Sykes' Comfort.

ately commenced to use Sykes' Comfort Powder as thick as I could sift it on and

you ought to have seen the change that took place within twenty four hours, and the sores were soon healed."—Mrs.

C. L. Frost, Nurse, Catatonk, N. Y. At Drug and Dep't Stores, 25c.

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F. S. CHAMBERLAIN. Treasurer.

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FERDINAND FOISY, Age 11.

The Buds of Judea.

Dear Uncle Jed: The club I belong to is called the "Buds of Judea."

In our club we have a president vice president, scoretary and treasurer. The meetingsc are held every other Wednesday from 6 to 8 in the evening

which includes one half hour of em

We have in our club 20 members, and

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ROSE SLOSBERG, Age 12.

DR. C. R. CHAMBERLAIN Dental Surgeon

ON OR BEFORE SEPTEMBER 30th.

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